

caliber

COMPOSITION BOOK

TERRA INCOGNITA: Book 5

Philosophic Diary of MW Hentrich

SPRING 2011: March - May 2011

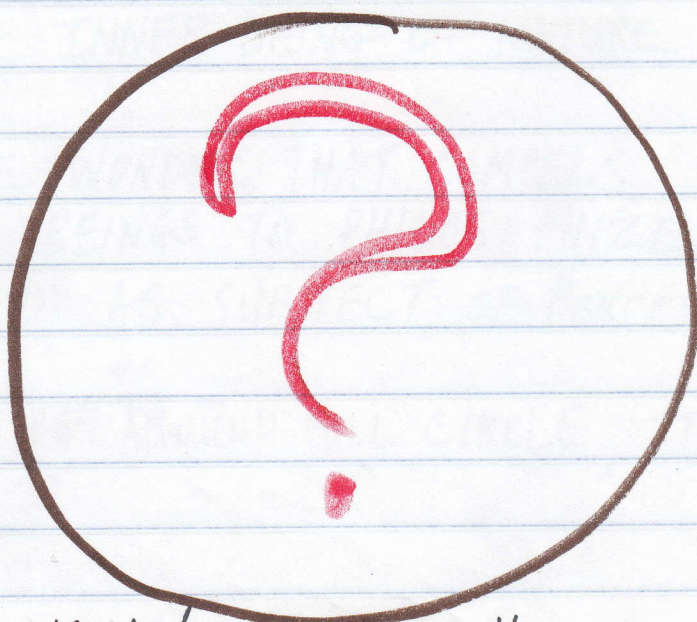
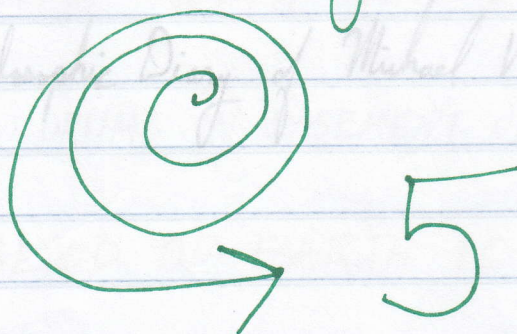
3 Subject

Wide Ruled

120 Sheets

9.75 in x 7.5 in
(24.7 x 19 cm)

Terra Incognita



17 March - 2 May 2011

Contents

1	DARK LIGHT	p. 1
2	THE LION WITHIN ME ROARS	23
3	ACKNOWLEDGING POWER WITHIN	32
4	TERRA INCOGNITA: BOOK 5	65
5	RUNNING WITH THE DEVIL	83
6	A Philosophic Diary of Michael William Hentrich TOM-TOM DRUMS IN BASEMENT ON MARCY ST.	110
7	THE BLOOD OF EARTH IS WATER	123
8	THE INNER BEING OF NATURE	140
9	THE WONDER THAT COMPELS BEINGS TO PHILOSOPHIZE	p. 167
10	BODY AS SUBJECT OF PERCEPTION	p. 188
11	COMING AROUND FULL CIRCLE, STRONGER	p. 211

Σ 13

DARK LIGHT



17 March 2011 Thurs.

I begin the season by fashing out at George verbally, screaming through the door, "The solution to your problem is 'to buy a ton of instant coffee and stop blaming everyone for your needs! Stop depending on others to feed your appetite for coffee. Spend the beer money on instant god damn mother fuckin' coffee!'"

You have to be cruel to be kind.
Dark Light. My tongue is sharp enough to wound; therefore, I most likely prevented a more physical form of communication.

I don't feel bad at all. Let George threaten to not buy me any beer. Aren't I tired of being manipulated by those who see I desire beer, weed, tobacco, housing?

2011.03.17

3

As soon as I got off the bus in Freehold, ¹ and was greeted by a Mexican brother in front of St Peters. He was curious as to where I have been.

I tried to track down my mother, but she is not only not where we agreed to meet, but she does not even answer her cell-phone. Hence, I am "focusing on remaining calm", relaxing, enjoying the beautiful sunshine. Spring is finally here. What timing!

Now, if I can just keep from becoming too angry. Oh, here she comes now. She couldn't hear her phone over her radio.

After lunch of corned beef & cabbage (\$3.99/plate) at the Court Jester, we met Bryant at 7 Marcy Street in Freehold, right off of South Street. The landlord is a retired professor from Brookdale who lives in Englishtown. He was going to let me have the place for \$1000 per month, but when he realized I had section 8, he put it back to \$1100. Mom paid a \$200 retainer fee and now I am just waiting to hear from Laura Hardy of section 8 to make my move.

new site description:

DARK LIGHT

A positively negative think tank created and maintained by one mentally independent individual who is well aware of the monkey-blood in his veins. We do not become enlightened by imagining figures of light but by making the darkness conscious.



18 March 2011 Friday

My animal Being seems extremely irritable today. It may have to do with my anxiety over being at the mercy of these governmental agencies.

Since my notes from John Trudell's 1980's speech has been lost (Terra Incognita, 3) I will sip on Ballantine XXX ale while going carefully through "the Trudell cassette".

Notes on Tindell's 1980's Speech

9

We are faced with a very serious situation, in this generation. There are insane people who wish to rule the world through violence and oppression.

The indigenous peoples of the Americas have been resisting this violence and ~~oppression~~ ^{repression} oppression for 500 years. We know that the Black people have been resisting this violence and oppression for at least that long.

And we know that the white people have ~~been~~ ^{had} to endure thousands of years of this type of oppression. Why have they endured but not resisted?

Well now it's time for us all to resist. We must do that. We must also resist along with **OUR** brothers and sisters from around the planet.

Now it's come full circle in this generation — the nuclearization of the world. We cannot allow this to continue. The oppressor is not going to change. The pro-nuclear oppressor will become more brutal and repressive.

p
Box 2 20891 211441 no ext 11

It is a matter of dollars, and their ^{illusory} ~~illusory~~ concepts of power. We have to ~~re-~~ re-establish our identity. The oppressor deals in illusions — imitations of Power.

They are only the Powers That Be because we allow them to be. Economics and the brutality of the American corporate-state way of life is nothing more than violence and repression, and it has nothing to do with Power. It is brutality. The brutality of bank accounts, personal computers, ipods, TVs, cars; racism, guns, and violence.

It is the lack of BALANCE.

They have come into our hearts and minds.

This is a battle for minds!
THEY HAVE PROGRAMMED US.

They have conquered us as a Natural Power. They distract us from concentrating our natural powers of perception on the contents of our own minds.

Shall Mike Kentucky SPEAK?
Am I not a natural born orator?

NOR CAN WE!

Those in power are so ignorant that they're dangerous!

People start to feel powerless.

11

We are Power, but they have separated us from our connection to the Earth.

Our connection to the earth → our FEELINGS.
They pollute air, water, food, OUR MINDS!

All of our resistance is hollow if we do not look out for the welfare of the Earth Mother.

NOR CAN WE!

Reality is that the Earth can no longer take this attack. They have made us to be insecure with ourselves. We can no longer take this attack. They have attacked our self-confidence and made us to listen to them.

We are not powerless. We are POWER.
We live in this terrible confusion because we are living out of balance with the earth.

Power... an earthquake is Power, a tsunami is Power. A blizzard has power.

all (of Power)

These are things that no machine-age can put in a prison. An earthquake does not submit to your machine age. That is Natural Power. Nuclear energy should tell us all that the oppressor has gone beyond the reasons of sanity. Nuclear energy is the FINAL ASSAULT.

Those in power are so ignorant that they're dangerous.

11

X

Reality : I drink ale, and feed myself fish
and potatoes. Fuck and forget places
like Park Place that want to
CONTROL us.

X

Note about 4 more books added to my
little "Computer Science" arsenal :

1. UNIX NETWORK PROGRAMMING (W. Richard Stevens)
2. TCP/IP Illustrated, Volume 1 (W. Richard Stevens)
3. TCP/IP Illustrated, Volume 2 (Stevens, Gary R Wright)
4. Structured C For Technology (Tom Adamson)

Adding these books to the small collection I
managed to salvage from "the lost library" makes
a powerful arsenal of texts for me to
study — even if only as a strategy
for realizing how rare an intelligence I
possess.

I have lost so many possessions that
"relocating" can be managed without renting a
van. I will be discarding all furniture
I've accumulated, saving inflatable mattress
of course, and maybe little kitchen table.

X¹⁰

My mother received the large print hard-cover copy of A Confederacy of Dunces and confided in me how much she laughed already after reading through the first couple chapters.

What timing! My mother has been complaining and terribly anxious about the prospect of not being able to afford to keep her house, her car, and her \$450/month grocery supply in 5 months when she is broke.

She may get relief while reading the part of John Kennedy Toole's masterpiece where Agnes Keith drives her vehicle into the balcony. I knew she would enjoy the book, but I am overjoyed that it tickles her this much. It will bring us even "closer"!

I can just imagine her cracking up reading it, realizing that she and I have nothing on Ignatius and his mother Agnes. She thinks the mother is even more of a trip than the son. Wait until she gets a load of Jones and the smoke... and the "factory workers".

Note:



2011.03.19

I am the only witness of my inner being,
I am my own audience!



The Surrealists turn to drugs to free themselves from the logic of normal reality.

Antonin Artaud had always depended on drugs to subdue physical pain, but then he was able to justify this need by asserting that drugs "liberate and sharpen" the mind, enabling it to soar beyond the confines of the everyday world. (Greene 1970)

Artaud felt that dreams could enlighten us about true reality because of their capacity to reveal our subconscious.

The power of love can be fully understood and appreciated only when man liberates his sexual desires which have for centuries been repressed by fears and taboos.

And yet, Artaud longed to be chaste. Artaud abhorred sex and women.

Can we descend into ourselves? Can we illuminate the hidden places and walk perpetually in the midst of a forbidden zone? Can we enter into contact with a profound reality through the release of repressed instincts?

How do we bring to the surface (consciousness) what is usually hidden (unconscious/subconscious)?

I don't want to rush through Naomi Greene's Antonin Artaud: Poet Without Words as I am gaining great insight into my own "condition".

It is after midnight. I may shower and attempt to sleep; but first, I will transcribe a passage written by Artaud himself.

"It has been a long time since I had any control over my mind, and my subconscious rules me with impulses which come from the depths of my nervous rages and from the whirling of my blood. Hurried and rapid images send only words of anger and blind hate to my mind, but are over as quickly as stabs of a knife or flashes of lightning in a congested sky."

115
2011.03.17
Have I stopped caring if I am understood or not?

"The break between us and the world is well established. We speak not to be understood, but to our inner selves."

And yet many of Artaud's works ~~display~~ betray desperate longings to communicate.

Octavio Paz states that automatic writing can be seen as a modern equivalent of that aspect of Buddhist meditation in which man enters into a passive state inducing perception of true reality.



20 March 2011 Sunday

In a dream I was in Freshford near Henderson's garage. I was hiding in a pit of some kind, drinking a 40 ounce beer.

As usual I am awakened by George knocking on my door. I explained to him yesterday that I am tired of being his caretaker. It is, a granddog's day nightmare. I yelled at the door, "I'm writing down my dreams!"

THE LION WITHIN ME ROARS

Could it be, that ^{THE} "invisibles" can "communicate" through books? The following from POET WITHOUT WORDS speaks to me

Artand shares primitive man's belief that all things in the world are interrelated, and that, as a consequence, a rapport exists between man and nature. Once we understand that our inner forces must vibrate in harmony with the universe, we will return to our true position in the cosmos. But our decadent European civilization, which has lost touch with natural forces, can only be saved by its artists.

Only the visionary powers of the artist can pierce the Veil of day-to-day reality and see the hidden universal forces which rule the world.

I guess my goals for the week will be to finish reading the library books I have, to slowly discard junk furniture from apartment, and to communicate clearly with real estate and other agencies notifying them ^{of my} MOVE.

THE LION WITHIN ME ROARS

It was ⁱⁿ Deleuze & Guattari's Anti-Oedipus, which I first read about Artaud. What a fascinating individual! I really am enjoying Poet Without Words by Naomi Greene even more than I expected to. It brings me relief to know ~~to~~ such a Being endured his existence.

From 1937 to when he was released in 1946, Artaud went from one mental institution to another. Virtually silent for 9 years he began to write furiously in 1946 until his death in 1948.

Artaud was convinced that he was surrounded by enemies on all sides. Threatened by one and all, he is convinced that inner and outer forces are conspiring to destroy him. Earlier feelings of persecution have given way to full scale paranoia.

Artaud identifies with those Romantic poets who saw themselves as the innocent victims of a ruthless society, those poets of the 19th century

whose lives ended in poverty, alcoholism, and madness. Men refused to listen to, "Baudelaire, Edgar Allen Poe, Gerard de Nerval and the unthinkable" comte de Lautrémont, out of the fear that their poetry would leap forth off the printed page and overthrow reality." (LL, 8)

(* Just like Candy of Matamor was I afraid to read my poems!)

Because of its fears, society deliberately tortures its poets. the poet.

Artaud's experience in mental hospitals reinforced his belief that the man of genius is always persecuted. In Van Gogh, le suicide de la société, he places the burden of guilt on society's doctors, declaring that psychiatry was invented as a defense against visionaries. (Greene 1970)

In Artaud's poem "Doctors & Patients", he castigates doctors with great bitterness. His hatred of doctors and psychiatrists was so intense. He is ~~being~~ being punished because he refused to submit to God and Jesus Christ, both of whom he regards as forces of evil. "Hmmm... I have witnessed this 'evil' in my own sister's mean-spiritedness. Why does she think she's fooling? MY MOM?"



27

21 March 2011 Monday

The United States government is now engaged in bombing Libya with the blessings of the French and British governments, enforcing a no-fly zone. Last week the German government had refused to get involved in a military campaign in North Africa.

I will have to be patient with the way some people in the "day program" will buy into the war propaganda being spread by the United States. I will try to restrain my anger and contempt for stupidity.



By the end of the day today I hope to have a clearer view of what "Park Place" will "do" about me relocating to Freehold. Then I can contact Doug Schultz to inform him of my move and to inquire about why I've been told I would be participating there (PP) only about 6 weeks.

If it is up to me, I will focus on registering at Brookdale for a course in SPANISH. Maybe there is a course at the Freehold satellite

I cut the lengthy site description down to the part that Nat I quoted.

DARK LIGHT

We do not become enlightened by imagining figures of light, but by making the darkness conscious.

X

all books from APPL have been returned, and now I feel free to go through ANTI-OEDIPUS piece-meal. I feel I have made some kind of impression on the staff and "clients" at Park Place - and, perhaps, on "Asbury Park" in general.

I wonder which of the staff have explored DARK LIGHT (i.e. isis.phpbb3paw.com), especially the latest comment placed there by Nat ... which I sure would not mind having a print out of. Nat states that "Mike is one of the most interesting characters on the planet." Take that Joan & Iverson!

PS
"Mike" is incredible?

He has psychological struggles, but who doesn't?

Good question, and the answer is "the gorts".

[We're still busting gorts!]

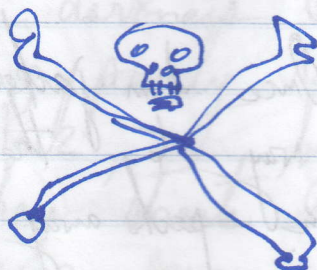
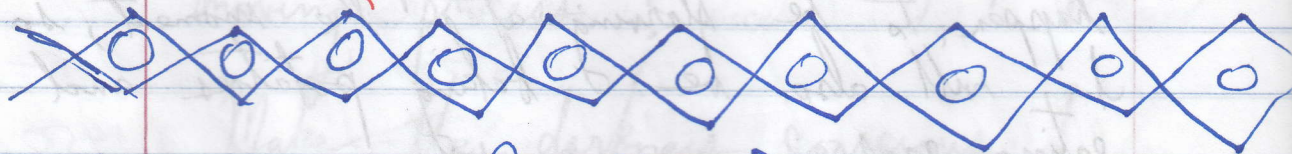
oooo "The gorts paper over their struggles with mainstream thinking and thus avoid encountering the raw truth of themselves. But Mike faces the madness of real life juxtaposed with fake life more bravely than anyone I know. He is basically a martyr. He has gone crazy for the truth."

"Nat" goes on to say "~~Mike~~ is

TO FEED ME OR TO LET ME STARVE IS THE CHOICE OF THE ZOO-KEEPERS, BUT I PREFER FOOD AND WILL MAKE THAT CLEAR ... QUITE STRONGLY IF NECESSARY.

{3}

ACKNOWLEDGING POWER WITHIN




I'm surviving on free eggs, potatoes, rice, and tuna fish, peanut butter, canned string beans I open with my sharp pocket knife. I am living the life of a Dostoevskian philosopher / madman. It is what it is.

Arthur Schopenhauer was not an ordinary "white man", and neither is Mike Hentrich aka "STICKS & BONES".

I face the miserable and wretched raw reality; and, embracing my hunger and hostility I search for a cave to hide out in, to eat, to sleep, to die in peace if it ~~becomes necessary~~ is ~~to~~ to be.

THIN



Making the darkness conscious means merging consciousness with the unpleasant misery and anxiety that seem to be embedded in the fibers of Being-in-the-World.

A return to Schopenhauer is called for. There is no such thing as a white race. My animal I Being is an ape; and as such, shall I not be mistaken for some "perceived white person".

Not only am I confronted with the arrogance and ignorance of those in positions of authority, but I am also confronted by the equally repulsive arrogance and ignorance of "the people" themselves.

I am in rebellion against stupidity of all forms, against all kinds of authority (based on violence and brutality) ~~power~~ which insults me by imposing its idiotic perceptions on me. It's about POWER! I have hidden power within me. It is my WISDOM.

X

51

Now, since I have finally decided to return to Arthur Schopenhauer as my main source of literature and education, I will most likely be taking some notes. After all, I suspect both Sigmund Freud (with his pseudo-science of Psychoanalysis) and Edmund Husserl (with his Phenomenology) took many ideas from Schopenhauer's The World as I Will & Representation without much, if any, acknowledgement. Therefore, I will be sure not to do the same. I will show clearly the source of my theories.

"As regards the attempt specially introduced by the Hegelian pseudo-philosophy that is everywhere so pernicious and stupefying to the mind, the attempt, namely, to comprehend the history of the world as a planned whole, or, as they call it, "to construct it organically," a crude and shallow realism is actually at the root of this."

"The glorifiers of history are simple realists, and also optimists, and eudemonists, and consequently shallow fellows and Philistines incarnate."

"Atheistic Buddhism is much more closely akin to [the true spirit of] Christianity than are optimistic Judaism and its variety, Islam."

The last chapter of "Supplements to the Third Book" is called "On the Metaphysics of Music". I most likely will find it in Supplements to the Fourth Book. The most important chapters of WWRv2 I may carry the text with me tomorrow so as to have a strategy for remembering WHO and WHAT I am lest I be pecked by the herd of sheep in the "day program".

I want to INITIATE A RADICAL POLITICS OF DESIRE FREED FROM ALL BELIEFS.

X

President Obama is a PUPPET. He placed career-long imperialists Tim Geithner and Larry Summers in charge of the US economy! Obama supports Ben Bernanke as Fed chairman. Obama is a bullshit artist. We have a banana republic ruled by a puppet president and his masters, the pro-nuclear industrialists.

The United States has been taken over by a global banking cartel. We have a constitutional obligation to launch a revolution.

Those admitted into psychiatric hospitals are admitted not so much because they are sick, as because they are protesting in a more or less adequate way against the social order.

Thomas Szasz writes, "Like mine owners hiring more and more laborers to tear more copper out of the bowels of the earth, the state and federal governments, their subdivisions, and private and philanthropic organizations are hiring more and more psychiatrists, psychologists, and social workers to tear more madmen out of the bowels of society."

Our pharmacocracy invalidates human beings by psychiatric methods. I am seeking a broader, cultural-historical-economic perspective of the psychiatric industry.

What is called "mental illness" emerges as the name of the PRODUCT of a relationship between the oppressor and the oppressed.

Psychoanalysis ("therapy") is an instrument of control that doctors and professionals use to make people conform to the repressive rules of modern mass-industrial society.

When I am most in life, when I am life itself, I tend to eat very little, sleep little, and own little or nothing. When I am most IN LIFE I have no illusions about "duty," or the perpetuation of my kin, or the preservation of the State, nation, or species.

I really have very few possessions, to move to Freehold: some clothes, a few boxes of books, my inflatable bed, some kitchen tools, and several blankets. I ought to be proud of possessing so few possessions! I am some kind of spiritual warrior, a scholar-warrior, a philosopher-poet. I am sure to be able to move all furniture/junk out by Thursday night. (3/31)!



26 March 2011 Saturday

I have forgiven E&Co as he and they have shown me love and respect. Coming from the youth, ~~this~~ means the world to me. I really have been well received, after all... at least by some of the coolest youths in town.

After lazing around all day, I may just gather clothes I and discard what I won't be bringing to Freehold.

© 27 March 2011 Sunday

After a second consecutive night of being "the spot to chill," I am actually even more aware of how significant it is for me to be moving into Downtown Freehold.

In Matawan, I was bombarded by invaders, hangers-on, and even those who laughed at me behind my back. At one point, it was like the United Nations: Black, Mexican, & Arab and me, "Hentrich." At the center of everything real? From Matawan (2005-2007) to Ocean Grove (2008), and back in Mom's basement in Freehold 2 months before heading out

West to Seattle, Washington, in 2009...
 Soon I may be able to go over my "notes"
 from that year, as long as I don't violate
 (or get violated) on probation.

Now, I took this place in Asbury Park,
 New Jersey from all the way out in Federal
 Way, WA, via fax machines and mail.

It was all about getting back to New
 Jersey to be near my parents,
 especially my mother. I did not
 foresee my mother moving from Freehold to
 Lakewood (near Brick) when I got on the
 train to Seattle, nor did I foresee 3
 arrests in Asbury Park shortly after my return
 to the East Coast (Jersey Shore).

I had been running into police/ambulance/hospitals
 while in Federal Way. I was actually on
 probation when I left Washington State.
 I returned to New Jersey early in March
 2010, and by April 4th I was jumped
 by the police just for, flashing my arms in the
 park by the library. Later that day,
 after they released me, I was jumped by
 them again, this time with an ambulance.

Now, the May 17th fiasco is legendary, with
the cane, the saw, the boiling water...
Forty days in the county jail... then,
after Dad bailed me out, in just 7 days,
arrested again (for chasing the wild
geese ~~at~~ ^{at} Sunset Lake)... another
month in the county jail before bailing
myself out - almost the entire summer
spent behind bars!

I don't want another Spring/Summer
like that. I am displaying a definite
degree of intelligence in moving away
from Asbury Park. The writing is
on the wall: group homes, food, banks,
day programs, and the court!

Another Prison Town, USA.

Now, this week is still part of my "Long Journey
Home" to Freehold. Will the courts
and probation give me a chance to stay out of
"trouble" in Downtown Freehold?
Right down the street from One Way Liquors?
I'm coming home.

Having a residence right on Marcy Street in Downtown Freehold may cure me of my homesickness. Asbury Park, like Federal Way, is infested with hunger, want, and misery.

The people of Downtown Freehold seem to possess more "sunshine". I can put more money into vegetables, fruit, and fish - less on beer, grass, and tobacco.

My "spirit" may be lifted upon waking up in my hometown with the intentions of learning how to speak and understand the Spanish language as spoken by local Mexicanos de Freehold.

Organizing the few possessions I actually "keep" makes me appreciate just how simple the life I live has become. Nothing is that important. Getting the keys to the "hide-out" at 7 Marcy Street is the main task, which will translate into my handing 2 separate money orders to new landlord, one for \$500, the other around \$300. I will owe \$300 toward security deposit.

4

65

SCHOPENHAUER AS NATURE

28 March 2011 Monday

Nature belongs to itself. There is no "self."
When I read Arthur Schopenhauer's work,
I know I am reading a mind in touch
with the Oracle. How is it a mind could
stand out that much from his contemporaries
and species in general?

When I am "obliged" to report to Park Place,
I am inclined to rise early, sometimes 4AM,
sometimes 5AM. Were I to awaken at 8AM
and have to "run" out the door without sitting
in deep reflection, sipping very strong black
coffee perhaps coffee even stronger
than what Schopenhauer himself
would drink when THAT passed through.

Now I am most delighted I had the
insight and motivation to send WWRv2
into the County jail. It is one powerful text,
rivalling it not totally outshining any and all Bibles
& KORANS.

22 HOBEN 2A VATAKE



29 March 2011 Tuesday

I awaken at 0400 only to discover that I had passed out with a full 40 ounce of 211 Steel Reserve in my freezer.

Thinking of Johanna with her hands on her hips ordering clients into their rooms, I long to rebel. But how else am I to rebel but to drink that beer in this morning and refuse to report to Park Place?

If I am to go to the program Thursday to get the food bank, can't I justify not reporting there today? I see what Mike and Kate and others they are up to. They consider themselves a legitimate "business," and I do believe the mother fuckers mean business!

They talk about honesty. The place gets \$600 per head per day for clients who attend for the pentad day. They also get \$350 for each wringe of screening. What a fucking racket!

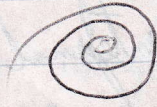
My mother wants me to stop drinking. She seems ready for me to get violated on probation, in which case I would lose my section & housing. How does this end?

God-damn robots everywhere!

There is an "unpredictable nuclear crisis" in Japan. There is MUTINY in the day program, and I suppose my presence is viewed by "Mike" as a ~~major~~ ^{major} source of the chaos. They are packing so many clients in there that there is a fire hazard. I don't feel comfortable there at all. I am suspicious of certain clients, thinking they (David) work for the police. Do they think we are stupid?

What is "mental illness"?

Mental illness is a **PRODUCT** - a relationship between the oppressor and the oppressed.



30 March 2011 Wednesday

I wake up angry. I understand why few minds are drawn to my website: my worldview can make it difficult to play the roles this society subjects us to. My level of honesty and insight is rare most likely because our society itself bombards us with so many lies. These who are in "power" must know that their power is an illusion. Maybe I prefer abstaining from chemical alteration of moods when it is my decision as opposed to mandated by the State.

I want to try to stay out of trouble when I move. Alcohol and loud singing may bring me trouble in Freehold. I have to be careful and aware of my MOODS. Moods have absorbed me my whole life. I am extremely angry about WARS and poverty and the stupid lifestyle this

machine-age, I have no more patience
for ~~those~~ promoting adaptation to
idiotic norms. I
want to bust out of the box I am in!

There are also internal physiological
complications which aggravate my ~~moods~~
already intense moods: perhaps hypo-
glycemic (sp?) ???

Also: addiction to nicotine as well
as nervous habit of always wanting to
smoke a cigarette sets the stage
for quite an unpleasant state of
continuous HOSTILITY.

I feel that I have been not only
"medicating" this low-frustration tolerance
with herb and ~~strong~~ beer, but
also using writing, ~~and~~ phenomenological
introspection, contemplation, reflection, to
become as intimate as possible with my
reality.

I do not view my emotional experience
~~with~~ in terms of psychiatry. I ~~reject~~ am
mistrust the concept of mental illness,
and consciously ~~resist~~ resist taking my
moods and emotions too seriously.

Yes, I experience despair and hopelessness, 73
as well as disgust with the "rat race".

Meanwhile, I trust my own so-called "crazy"
worldview. I have done much "deep
thinking" and am comfortable with my
maturation and transformations, witnessing my
own level of emotional maturity.

I find the psychoanalysis and therapy to
be insulting. The theories of philosophers
Deleuze & Guattari make sense to me:

psychotics are simply those among us who
have not been "neurotized".

In other words, socialization into becoming
a functioning member of this mass-industrial
machine age society requires we be broken,
domesticated, "normalized". My intense moods
are inconvenient but I ~~would~~ insist ~~on~~ I
do not want to be "cured" or "normal".

I don't want to adapt to the lifestyle of
automotive mobility, jobs, and grocery stores;
but rather, I wish there were a
way to prevent this stupid way of life
from functioning and perpetuating itself.

I witness my parents and others ~~date~~ to
~~the demands~~ unquestioningly submit to this way
of life, and so have become quite mentally
independent, quite used to IGNORANCE
parading around as AUTHORITY.

X

Marijuana has been a good friend to me
and helps me to see the beautiful real
world beyond the illusory artificial concrete
machine world. I have great contempt for
those who submit enthusiastically to this way
of LIFE. I avoid human society. I ~~don't~~ ^{hate} ~~where~~

hate this entire society.

X

I resent psychiatry's assumption that it knows what it's doing with these pills. Moods are much more complex than psychiatry's models.

Nutrition and environments have more to do with moods than some damn pills!

Just being a smoker, as I have mentored, pretty much sets the stage for being a basketcase nervous wreck; seeking relief for satisfaction.

Just because I have knowledge of the mechanisms involved in addiction does not mean I have the will or desire to get out of the cycle.

~~By now, the rituals I have taken on~~

My "Beast" is deadly serious about wanting a cigarette. It is not "addicted" to herb that way. I try to be aware of how much of my anxiety and frustration I is just this Beast demanding FOOD or TOBACCO. [not mental illness!]

X

77

I most likely am uncomfortable in therapeutic communities & because, it only aggravates my irritable condition, confirming the intelligence displayed in isolating myself and avoiding employment, where I would be ~~harassed~~ at the mercy of fools and an infinite variety of unpleasant personalities, authoritarian degenerates who perpetuate the illusions of this insane society we have been born into.

I am my own doctor, and over the course of my life I have developed my own forms of therapy which include deep contemplation, meditation, yogic walks where I move in a sacred manner. Philosophy is the preparation for death. Politics is the questioning of the legitimacy of the State.

The State and the Nation are illusions. The Individual Animal Being, this Beast incarnate is the only reality. Reality is INSIDE ME, NOT OUTSIDE ---

55

X

Carrying a notebook is a strategy for preserving my dignity as the omnipresent natural being of the world itself.

I am it. I am ~~the~~ nature, an extension of the natural world.

I do not fear death as I return into the womb of the earth.

I cannot be destroyed. I am matter (which is energy). I was not created but exist in eternity.

Time and space are mental functions, part of our perceptual apparatus - how we apprehend reality.

Because I refuse to ~~accept~~ accept, business as usual while plutonium seeps into the oceans, wars are financed by this ~~same~~ civilization which is running amuck, ~~same~~ while its self as the slave patrol becomes ever more repressive and oppressive. It makes sense for me to be ANGRY.

X
O

There are parallels between my own life and "Ignatius Reilly's" (of John F. Kennedy Toole's A Confederacy of Dunces).

First of all, Schopenhauer's The World As Will & Representation (both volumes of the Payne edition) is THE PHILOSOPHIC BIBLE par excellence. The translations and quotes of the ancients is uncanny. This was a gift by Nature to humanity, an absolute MIND TREASURE.

There is also my almost psychotic obsession with liberating the oppressed Moors and descendants of the aboriginal peoples of the earth!

Another parallel is that I wreak absolute havoc and disaster wherever I go. I AM A CHARACTER with ANIMAL MAGNETISM and CHARISMA. And yet, I do love. I AM ONE. Also, many gorts HATE ME.



The adventure out West to Seattle (Shoreline, Federal Way) forced me to discard my "possessions" as if by fire. That library of books, record albums, cd's, software; all the computer technology, the clothes...

What was salvaged is stored in a trailer, namely my drum kit, and my 100 journals from 1987 to 2007 stored ~~My nephew~~ in a church attic in Colts Neck.

My nephew has journals from 2008 ... and 2007. Fuck it.

So, what is the purpose of salvaging my drum kit and my diaries?

Perhaps I want to prepare for death. Post-humous fame? Will anyone be curious enough to inspect the contents of my mad scribbles?

I wonder if my "literary voice" is even more uncanny than Schopenhauer's. I mean, I'm no aristocrat. Welfare-Bum Genius

Schopenhauer is deep as holy hell.
That which surmounts death, the will,
is that which fears it. That which
perishes in death, the intellect,
does not fear death.

How deeply this man sank into our
condition. I do believe that the
presence of the book The World As
Will & Representation, Volume Two,
in the county jail, will have a
huge impact on more than a few
HEADS.

Schopenhauer is a great source and foundation
for one who wishes to understand that
"which does not change throughout
"history".

Jack Trimpey's "Beast" could map
over to Schopenhauer's "Will" and
Trimpey's "New Brain" could
map over to Schopenhauer's "Intellect".

The Will → being-in-itself.

Automatic writing is a literary craft,
and ~~penmanship~~ has script
(cursive) becomes an art form,
as well as a subtle signifier
of the state of mind of the writer at
the time of scribbling.

I am an independent, poor, intelligent,
educated, physically fit, deranged,
playful, dangerous Creature.

Welcome to the Jungle.

What a trip. Ghosts reach
out to posterity. What VALUE does the
process/practice of writing have to the One
Who Writes?

Gives insight into my
inner psychic
TRANSMUTATIONS.

I dive deep and come up muddy.
Today I sensed a growing resentment of
me by the herds/hordes.

Yes, the hordes may despise me for my
"spirit power" and MAGIC.
Here I am, ON THE RUN AWAY.

Running with the Devil, indeed.

Opening I at 7 Marcy Street? For real.

Even though Thorpe warns that Freehold is the worst place for me to live due to the hatred the police may have for me, I want to take a STAB at learning Spanish (to speak, understand, read, and write it) fluently enough to be able to make Freehold my home once again.

Is it possible that the staff at Park Place respects this as an admirable and humble goal? After all, I have a B.S. in Computer Science. Surely, if I apply my ~~to~~ mental powers, I will be able to learn about the grammar of Spanish, perhaps even influencing Latin America with some poetic philosophy in Spanish.

~~Another thing to look forward to:~~ George is a compulsive liar. He lies to confuse and manipulate. Sick street smart. The mental relief I will experience upon being away from the Beast of the Apocalypse will be immense! What a story!

59

X

The main motivation for me wanting to continue to attend/participate at PP in Asbury Park is my infatuation with P.



A good joke: Park Place, CPC, and day program/therapeutic-psychiatric treatment centers ~~around~~ of the Industrial World are all ~~set~~ in the business of selling a product called MENTAL ILLNESS.

<< bingo >>

Mental Illness is A RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE OPPRESSOR AND THE OPPRESSED.

X

I hate institutions that force handfuls of diverse temperaments to conform to an IDIOTIC NORM.

2011.04.01

103

I brought Park Place to the front lines of this process / operation called "Behavioral Healthcare".

The concept of "moral affliction" concerning alcoholism (and other antisocial elements of the non-human Natural Forces within us) is grounded in the unresolved question of FREE WILL.

Schopenhauer shows there is no free will. Temperament and environs wire events.

Each of us has a frustration tolerance. Do we control how much anxiety we are genetically / psychologically able to endure?

We make choices, yes; but, do we choose how we are wired, which ultimately decides our BEHAVIOR?

These questions have deeper ^{implications} ~~significance~~ than merely for the moral questions of so-called alcoholism. It begs the questions of CRIME & PUNISHMENT.



TOM-TOM DRUMS IN THE DISTANCE
5 April 2011 Tuesday

Once I receive mail addressed to me,
possibly the security deposit returned by
Marshal Legman, I can get a library card
at Freehold Boro Public Library.

I notice a growing animosity coming from
a few "White Christians" who
feed the hungry men of Freehold at
St. Peters church.

Comments such as, "It must be nice ..."
[to be served free lunch, I guess].

I resent the prayers to bless "our troops".
The guy who leads the prayer just
sounds so incredibly stupid ...

"Those men and women in the military are
defending our freedom, laying down their lives
for us! Jesus the Son of God
laid down and died for our sins!"
The idiots who babble on with such
propaganda lionize soldier-slaves.

It is the earth that gives us life, not the corporate State government, not the US military industrial complex.

Doesn't one write specifically to avenge oneself against the gorts? I mean, those among our contemporaries who are small (simple) minded, stupid, brainwashed, braindead, non-contemplative - these are the gorts who make up the masses, the silent majority. They accept the lies our government officials tell us.

We all depend upon oil for our continued ~~sur~~ survival. How else to break our dependency than to accept death?

I am a scavenger living off the perfumed corpse of Industrialized Civilization. I prefer ~~the~~ a bleak, often negative and absurd, worldview to one which has no point of contact with reality.

And yet I don't have to be sad. My wisdom makes me fill a tub with scathing hot water, preparing a bath so that I can massage my aching body.

THE BLOOD OF EARTH IS WATER

How might I combine Schopenhauer's pessimistic philosophy with ^{the} ego-loss promoted by Deleuze & Guattari in Anti-Oedipus? What is the link between psychoanalysis and capitalism?

What happens when governments shut down?
 People such as myself no longer get a check.
 People such as myself no longer get rental assistance, ending up homeless.

We see what happens to the masses who are fed into group homes and daycare centers. There are armies of superfluous non-members of our societies ^{who} are subjected to mindless therapeutic communities daily! They are programmed to accept psychiatric labels and play the role of the mental patient, the skizo, the schizoid, the 'psychotic', the "mentally ill", the unstable, the unmanageable, the OUT OF CONTROL; those of us who do not submit to this degrading treatment are condemned as NON-COMPLIANT.

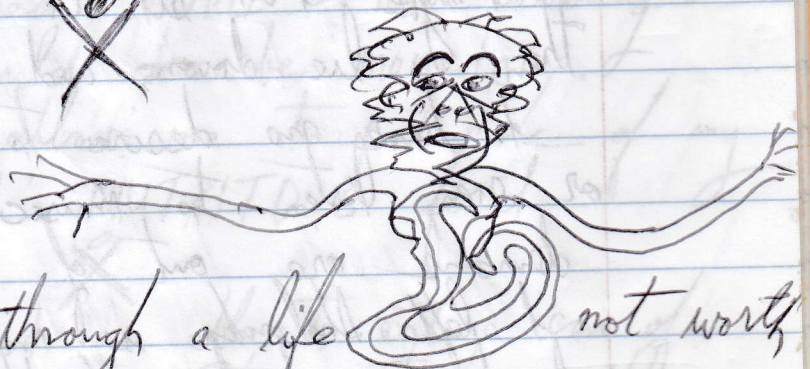
2011.04.09

127

Doing nothing is not as easy as it sounds. I guess all I really want to do is "walk around aimlessly". I am in a calm and reflective mood, able to come to terms with my sexual hunger. There is no denying this drive, but no amount of knowledge can compensate for this starvation which rots my soul.

What is it about reading Schopenhauer that comforts me? Well, he had a grasp on the riddle of existence, having done serious thinking all his life about the dilemma of existence itself.

"You are ceasing to be something which you would have done better never to become."



How to get through a life not worth living?

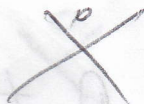
Dwelling here in Downtown Freehold amidst a Spanish-speaking & Mexican population — does it verify my status as a "freak" ~~or~~ ? I like being who I am: philosopher, poet, madman.

What a difference from hiding in the woods along the railroad tracks! Now I can sit behind the house drinking beer, writing, reading... and no police can say a god-damn thing about it. Except probation. Probation is going to be a problem — especially with my blatant refusal to cease self-medication.

X

I like to hide, to be invisible. Here on this little piece of earth, I take my place in the sun. I don't care for "crackerville" anyway. I don't care for the guppies in their mansions. I do not identify with the colonizer, but with the colonized. Perhaps these are my real people.

I feel much better here, this secret hiding place... a parallel universe I have discovered. I found MANA?



After I heat up some tomato sauce and noodles,
I may walk over to Schibanoff Road to
drink beer with my father. Why not?
Life is very short, I could make him
laugh a little. Then there is sit -
a presence of the Land-in-Itself...



I walked to Schibanoff Road, to say hello
to my father, sister, and brother-in-law
(and to request 2 Coors Lights). The beer
did not phase me at all. On the walk
back, the temperature dropped a bit. I
was glad to come into the warm cozy
domicile. I have come to accept my
solitary existence. While families play and
laugh together, I sit inside alone
writing. I walk outdoors alone.

I am not suicidal, but I definitely
think I have had my fill of "life."
Returning to Freehold feels good, but
there is this haunting feeling that there
really is nothing here for me except
walking along the railroad tracks every day.
What does everyone else do? Make babies?

Yes, most individuals serve the species, but this requires a certain amount of delusion. When one sees the snare that lies in a woman's beauty, one becomes CYNICAL. I mean, don't get me wrong. I appreciate a woman's beauty as much as anyone else, but I can no longer be deceived — not even by myself (nature).

I can only read for so long before I get frustrated with reading. I can only write so much before I become frustrated with my mental isolation. I really am in my own orbit. My "kind" is going extinct. For real. This is not such a bad thing.

This little domicile at 7B Marcy Street is a great place to "rest in peace." I can forget about "finding a woman" as I have ventured so far outside mainstream society, no woman would be attracted to me.

Hence, autoeroticism, my sole release of sexual tension. Fantasy. ~~There is~~ Living does not really impress me. Death will be welcome.

X

Maybe my father and sister are onto something going to sleep so damn early. Why I extend the day? Get through it then rest in peace. Sleeping is a blessing. Maybe I'll drop a Trazadone tonight.

Is it possible that my intelligence actually is a liability? Life depends on us not knowing it too well. Paradox!

I'll be glad to visit with Mom on Monday. I can do a couple loads of laundry at her house. My mother and I both live very lonely lives. It is important for us to spend time together. I sometimes wish I could snap out of this funk I am in, but it may not be something I have any control over. I rejected this society's values long ago. I am simply at odds with the world.

I wonder if someone with influence found my diary from December 29/01. Someone knows my most private thoughts.



"First they ignore you, then they laugh at you, then they fight you, then you win." Mohandas Gandhi

"I cannot afford to waste my time making money."
~ Jean Louis Agassiz



It is such a relief to admit to myself without apologies that I am not fond of living. All the "positive thinking" one is exposed to in therapy is very insulting.

Many live lives not worth living. I wonder if there is any life worth living. If I find life to be absurd and unpleasant, wouldn't everything that exists come to similar conclusions?

I can sleep in peace here on Marcy Street. Even if I hear Spanish through the walls, at least I'm not bombarded with intrusions.

Leaving 311 7th Ave was a no-brainer. Now, each time I sleep in peace here, I will reflect on death as my salvation from this absurd tragedy we call existence.

Who would be interested in reading my journal entries? Maybe someone ~~or~~ who has a similar worldview, someone who is as contemplative as I am. It may even help one sleep, being sad and tired of living. What misery abounds in this world! Hide away. All animals have the sense to hide.



10 April 2011 Sunday
(3AM) Insomnia? Monday, when I pick up my receiver, I'll also be taking journals and books stored at my mother's.



Defiance. I am defiant. I have searched for answers in philosophy and have attempted to articulate my displeasure with having been born. Schopenhauer and Cioran are my favorite "philosophers". Neither of them lived as mouthpieces for the State. And yet, Schopenhauer did not experience the things I have experienced here in the continental United States, what Schopenhauer called "the slave states."

THE INNER BEING OF NATURE

I am looking to politicize psychiatry.
"Most of the modern endeavors - outpatient centers, inpatient hospitals, social clubs for the sick, family care, institutions - remain threatened by a common danger: how does one avoid the institution's re-forming an asylum structure?"

There was so much ignorance and jealousy I confronted in Asbury Park, where I was being provoked, taunted, challenged, teased, where I could not 'help' but say to myself, "This mother fucker is ignorant."

The contents of my own mind were a million miles away from that in other's heads it seems.

"Psychoanalysis becomes the training ground for a new type of priest, the director of bad conscience: bad conscience has made us sick, but that is what will cure us!"

I have the right to walk into "outpatient centers" and say it smells bad there. It reeks of the little ego.

It is uncanny that I have done exactly what Deleuze & Guattari write about in the final section of Anti-Oedipus (An Introduction to Schizoanalysis),

"Do these psychoanalysts who are oedipafizing women, children, blacks, and animals know what they are doing? We dream of entering their offices, opening the windows and saying, 'It smells stuffy in here - some relation with the outside, if you please.'"

I have done precisely that at Park Place. In fact, I sense at least some affirmation from counselors there, especially Paula; perhaps even from Johanna, Kate, Peter, and Herwin. They can't deny my sincerity.

Even a few police-officers in Asbury Park seem to sympathize with me a little. I was advised to leave Asbury Park, and I did just that. ~~That~~ By next month I want checks and driver's license to reflect current address.

I guess I was pacing the railroad tracks
letting out some aggression by talking shit
about "FAT" monkeys with car keys." I think the
word "Jew" came up a few times. I ought
to realize that BEER has this effect on me.
Even just 40 ounces of beer is enough to set the
demons loose ... So much rage and yet so
much compassion!

2011.04.12

X
Having some of my journals in my domicile is a
great treasure to me. And yet there is this fear
I have of some disaster involving jail and the
loss of my "freedom". I have fears of losing
my "Mojo Manuals". There is certainly no need
for an "entertainment" set-up. No need for TV,
DVD, CD, or even too many books. My
journals provide me with more than enough to
set my mind on fire. Looking through my old
diaries is like ingesting LSD to me. For real,
I have no need of an Internet connection or
a computer. My own diaries speak to me.

I am quite focused on literature, but very specific literature, namely "philosophy" and "phenomenology": my own notebooks, Schopenhauer's works (I want to begin a fresh reading of The World As Will and Representation, Volume One), Cioran's works, some Nietzsche, Merleau-Ponty, Edmund Husserl, Madness & Modernism, and even Badiou's Being & Event as well as Computer Science texts.

I don't need any damn academic university's stamp of approval or recognition for ~~my~~ the depth and AUTHENTICITY of my philosophic mind far surpass that of the professors themselves.

When I walk into a philosophy class on a college campus, they see Jesus Christ. When the police see me walking the railroad tracks screaming to the sky, they see John the Baptist.

Very private note: Events going on in my sister's family too private to write about. I'm feeling very tender toward that family — so much PASSION & DRAMA & SORROW.

393

THE WONDER THAT COMPELS
THE BEING TO PHILOSOPHIZE

my

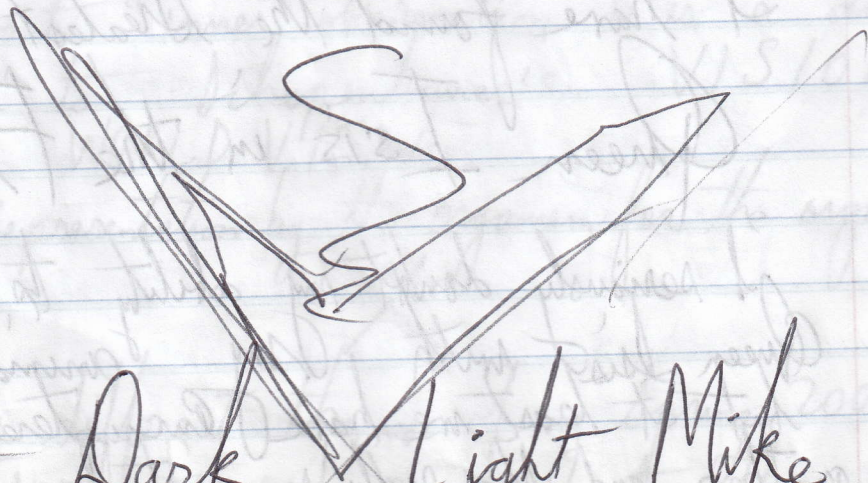


MY STRUGGLES



Natural

STPOWER



* Dark Light Mike *

PDI

2011.04.16

X¹⁰

I wonder if I ought to bring H86 to Park Place next Thursday to show Paula my research on "mental illness."

What is essentially a political and economic dilemma has been converted into a "problem" of mental illness or other forms of personal inadequacy.

Most people labeled "mentally ill" do not have a discernable cerebral disease that affects behavior but are experiencing living difficulties.

In the 1850's chattel slaves who escaped plantation servitude were believed to be suffering from a mental disease.

Diagnosing dissatisfied slaves as psychologically sick underscores the ambiguity of psychiatric diagnoses, their political nature, and the potential for popular social beliefs to become superimposed as scientific realities.

Behavior modification is rooted in religious fundamentalism. Psychiatry is an inexact pseudo-science that uses ambiguous criteria to label certain people as psychologically disturbed or mentally ill.

I have come to the conclusion that the opposite of madness is not sanity, but stupidity. Who doesn't suffer psychologically living in our plagued civilization? The goats. As long as goats have serenity and equilibrium, they think all is right with the world.

Note: search for Hegel quote, where in reference to nature Africans he says, they are "mere things" - whose lives are of no value.

I don't need to bring diaries to Park Place, but as I have contemplated upon these matters deeply enough to express my theories with Paula without reference to my notes. I think she and I could stimulate one another - mentally, physically, and "spiritually".



Contemplation is the one way to break the system.
 Not only Ellul and Octavio Paz, but also
 John Tardelly agrees: we must take our
 minds back. We are made to feel
 powerless and overwhelmed so that we will
 submit to the authority of this illusory
 social apparatus which appears to have us at its
 mercy.
 Our problems are not physiological or
 cerebral. Our problems ~~are~~ ^{are} economical
 and systemic.

What does it mean to be contemplative?
 This simply means to think carefully about
 life.



Phenomenology is Philosophy. Husserl may have
 developed phenomenology and Freud may have
 invented Psychoanalysis, but Schopenhauer and
 Kant (should read Kant and Schopenhauer) are
 those minds which bring about the shift in
 awareness creating the phenomenological
 region as well as the psychic realm.
 As always, when giving a reading to
 the original volume of Schopenhauer's
The World as Will & Representation, I read
 the long APPENDIX (a criticism of Kantian Phil) first.

157
Perception is not reality. Perception and the realization that everything we perceive is filtered through our sensory apparatus is central to the Kantian revolution in philosophy, as well as to Phenomenology, as is reflected in Merleau-Ponty's title Phenomenology of PERCEPTION.

Just as Edmund Husserl experienced a shift in awareness once he transcended "the natural attitude," which is to take perception as reality, Schopenhauer credits his master, Immanuel Kant, with providing this shift of awareness. This is at least one hundred years before Husserl.

(About Kant's work, Schopenhauer writes in the preface to WWRV!)

"The effect those works produce in the mind to which they really speak is very like that of an operation for cataract on a blind man."

Before Kant we were in time.
After Kant, ~~we~~ time is in us,
as a mental faculty of perception.

Whereas the novel, The Schopenhauer Cure,
 is a work of fiction, my actual living
 experience is very real: politically, socially,
 and as an individual confronting a confederacy
 of dunces. Schopenhauer's doctrine
 is the roots of psychology and phenomenology.
 The Buddha was a master phenomenologist.

Does one ever suspect Ed Abbey hated
 the word, phenomenology, because he was
 usually quite drunk or in the process of
 getting drunk?

Now, I too am prone to drunkenness,
 but when my mind clears up and I return
 to my philosophical & phenomenological
 studies, I appreciate the shift in
 awareness these studies produce upon my
 mind-Being's consciousness.

Philosophy is not my hobby or livelihood, but
 my identity. The professors of philosophy in our
 universities and on our bookshelves live
 by philosophy for their sustenance. Schopenhauer's
 philosophy does not allow for the fiction which
 has been so cleverly devised by professors
 of philosophy, and has become indispensable to
 them, namely the fiction of a reason that knows,

271
perceives, or apprehends immediately and absolutely.
Schopenhauer's "meditating philosophy" has for
its pole star truth alone, naked, unrewarded,
unbefriended, often persecuted truth.

"Now what in the world has such a philosophy
to do with that alma mater, the good,
substantial university philosophy, which,
burdened with a hundred intentions and
a thousand considerations, proceeds on its
course cautiously tacking, since at all times
it has, before its eyes, the fear of the
Lord, the will of the ministry, the
dogmas of the established Church, the
wishes of the publisher, the encouragement
of students, the goodwill of colleagues,
the course of current politics, the
momentary tendency of the public, and
Heaven I know what else?"

"With me there is no compromise and no
fellowship, and no one derives any advantage
from me, except perhaps the man
who is looking for nothing but the truth."

Likewise, my insights are ignored by mental health professionals
since their livings/careers

would be destroyed were all to collectively resist the current pseudo-religion of social engineering known to us as "psychiatry and "behavioral healthcare."

The current Mental Health industry engages in existential cannibalism as it mines for "clients," and feeds them as cannon-fodder into its idiotic norms (programs). Seeing how so few minds have explored raw reality and philosophy in general as deeply as I have, I possess a degree of confidence most social workers, therapists, and cops are not trained to "deal with."

X
I refuse to race through Schopenhauer's opus. I may pause in my reading the appendix of WWRV to continue reading Phenomenology of Perception, a text I have been wanting to continue since putting it down late in 2008 in order to prepare for my journey out West. How significant that now that I have found a residence free of intrusive hangers-on, when I have zero funds, I am not at all inclined to "beg" in the streets for beer money, but satisfied to hole up in my domicile reading, meditating, eating meals, and napping.

One great advantage writing a diary/journal/memoirs is that the process enables the writer to become comfortable with ~~one's~~ his/her own character, traits, temperament, metabolism, and authentic feelings.

We may hide our true feelings from others for fear of consequences, but in our writing, we can face unpleasant facts in the I face; we can shoot from the hip and reveal our inner communication at least to ourselves.

We can embrace the shadowy aspects of ourselves (sympathy for the Devil); the part of me I that wants to lay around snacking and reading, the part that gets annoyed with my mother's endless complaints about my drinking alcohol.

It is my audacious enjoyment of unemployment and absence of structure/stress, social interaction that may provoke ill-will from those who submit to idiotic & draconian norms.

I napped the entire afternoon, and upon awakening ~~was~~ was in a depressed state of mind. It is kind of "sick" the way my mother attempts to use guilt as a weapon against me. ~~the~~ She disapproves of me indulging in alcoholic inebriation, so each time she witnesses me "tipsy", she lays a guilt trip on me. ~~Fili~~ Fili also disapproved, claiming he found himself "demoralized" and "heartbroken" realizing I am still "struggling" with substances in my life.

There is much talk about just "being oneself", but when that true authentic self wakes around drunk on a Monday morning, then one is made to feel like a wretched scoundrel. I'm tired of it. The only option other than being tormented by the fact that one is being judged as some kind of "loser", "drunk", "dead-beat", or "bump", is to detach from caring about how others perceive me.

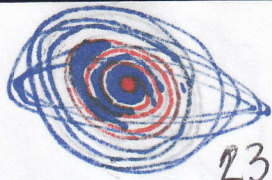
Isn't someone low on self-deception at a disadvantage in a society such as ours where people are encouraged to conform to the superficial values of consumerism?

We are not aling to be happy and there is no plan. When it comes to wrapping one's mind around raw reality, one stands alone in a society which alienates individuals from themselves. One reaches a point where honest communication with other people becomes unnecessary simply because one begins to doubt the sincerity of those one encounters.

Life teaches us not to want to live.

No wonder sleeping is such a refuge for the broken-hearted. I imagine innumerable amounts of individuals go on thinking there is something wrong with them for being miserable when in actuality, misery is of the human condition.

Witness how petty and miserable the Ghays are when it comes to cutting through their yard! Witness how small-minded Joan Iverson was, that day she saw me, wanting to rub my nose in shit and make me feel like a loser, refusing to credit me for having gotten my degree in Computer Science, & miserable petty minds.



23 April 2011 Saturday

When I (the body as a natural self) awakens, "it" (the Beast) seeks to satisfy demands for tobacco, coffee, food, water. The phenomenon of addiction is simply an intense instance or instantiation of "the Will-to-Live".

Paradox: It wants relief but finds itself trapped in an endless cycle of WANT. My attraction to P and T is also explained by Schopenhauer in WWRv2 in the chapter, The Metaphysics of Sexual Love.

This is the point where Ciaran reaches when he declares his disgust with being human and with human beings comes not only from interactions with other humans but from what he has witnessed in himself and his own nature.

Life is unpleasant, and we experience this unpleasantness in ourselves, in our continuous want and discomfort.

83 April 2011 Sat
EPI
Becoming comfortable with ourselves, and getting to know who and what we are, requires we become comfortable with the original forces of life within us.

While I appreciate the rich imagery of Merleau-Ponty's reflections, what I ~~more~~ find so significant about Schopenhauer's doctrine is his general pessimism about the whole matter of being born in the first place.

The experience of jonesing for a cigarette, a cup of coffee, a bag of herb, a six-pack of beer, or horrific as it sounds, a hit of coke is the Will-to-line, run amok. "Addiction" is a phenomenon of the Will, and the entire "substance abuse" industry is based upon the myth of psychological healing (recovery).

I witness people unable to stay awake because of psychiatric medication getting harassed by counselors during group sessions! No thank you.

The Id → The Ego → The Superego → The Savage God → The I.

The Id → the Beast → The Savage God → the Is.

I also find it quite hypocritical that, in a society which is addicted to oil, automobiles, and "continual growth," those addicted to illicit drugs and alcohol are treated as especially "ill" or "diseased".

I am willing to concede that becoming addicted to tobacco, coffee, alcohol, sugar, oil, cocaine, is a recipe for an endless cycle of want.

Jack Trimpey of Rational Recovery invented the concept of the Beast or the Addictive Voice. He locates this entity in the "Old Brain," the reptilian subcortex. He proposes that the reasoning part of the brain, the neo-cortex is capable of interceding and "correcting" the self-destructing cycles of addiction the Beast gets the organism into. The man who invented Psychoanalysis, Freud, was addicted to cocaine. Could it be that there is no solution? Individuals "relapse" while the group (an abstract idea) stay sober? The GROUP is an illusion. There is only the body.

182
My whole strategy for enduring existence revolves around the very meaning of endurance itself. It involves a degree of Stoicism.

Again, whereas Merleau-Ponty may cite cases of brain damage to point out the nature of our experience of BEING, he does not venture to instruct one how to deal with the undeniable suffering of life. I would say Schopenhauer deals with matters of the heart (the Will) whereas Husserl and the phenomenologists focus solely on matters of the head, the phenomenal world as perceived by the body, which is the Will ~~is~~ individuated.

Phenomenology deals with the phenomena, that which reveals itself. What about that which supposedly does not reveal itself, that which is hidden, unknown, NOT PERCEIVED? This is the Will? Yes; but Schopenhauer points out that we experience this unknowable Being in our own moods, inclinations, frustrations, passions, anxiety... PATHIC SENSIBILITIES.

Is the Will is experienced rather than perceived? What is the difference? Aren't moods, feelings, and our passions also PERCEPTIONS of an inner reality? It is ~~not~~ still, REPRESENTATION by the creature for the creature.

I prefer the term CREATURE over ORGANISM. A better term may be BEING. Representation by Being for Being. Through introspection, Being shifts from a state of passive involuntary submission to the ~~to~~ non-human forces acting upon it to a state where a consciousness of a subject develops, a subject that may be able to contest, to deny the Will what it demands, thereby alleviating much of the suffering inherent in the process of satisfying desire.

Do those among this swamp of suffering who have begun to wrap our minds around this dilemma have a duty to assist others caught in the mire? An even deeper question with greater ethical implications is "who is qualified to instruct?" What qualifies a counselor/therapist/minister as GURU?

Also, who determines that "sobriety" is the superior strategy for enduring the horror of having been born into this swamp of misery?

The guy who gunned down the women in the gym had been "sober" 20 years, and while he had a career and all the status-symbols of the consumerist meritocracy, his primitive needs went unmet, and he went berserk, ~~he~~ he ran amok.

That's what 20 years of sobriety and so-called success gets you!

Nothing that is so, is so.

There are powerful forces at work in the Natural World, and our very fabric of Being is ~~a~~ hard-wired (grounded) in the planet Earth (of Water).

Let us never lose the lessons we learn!

PP1
Once caught in "the cycle of dependency,"
the chain of motivations, determines
the degree of suffering the body uses
to get what it wants.

This is not some mysterious "disease"
or "flaw in character" (sin). This
is the aggravated Will-to-Live itself.
We are messing with the primal
forces of nature.

Now, what Schopenhauer calls the intellect,
we can infer, the neo-cortex of the brain.
This too though is an organ serving the
Will-to-Live. How can it challenge
the demands of the automatic unconscious
biological drives of the Beast?

Is this what Cioran is driving at with
THINKING AGAINST ONESELF?

I might add that a great shift of
perspective occurs when one challenges
the "created by design" mindset.
Realizing that the "creation" is a chaotic
accident, blind and without reason, clears up

many contradictions which attempt to explain away ^{the} raw reality of experience in order to support ~~of~~ ^{fake} dogmas professing intelligent design and destiny.

In actuality, the Will-to-Live often doesn't know what's good for it and may get itself caught in self-destructive MODES OF BEING (modalities).

~~I pose~~ When one doubts the internal impulses, one is bringing into play what? A superego? A police officer of the organism? Knowing what one knows about the true nature of existence, does one use that knowledge to maneuver amidst the horror and confusion? In other words, upon acknowledging the universal predicament, all life-forms are in, does one use such insight to prey upon one's personal advantage - as crack-pushers and the pharmaceutical industry does - or does one attempt to instruct the species?

What is a RASTA?

There can be no order, plan, method, or system to my philosophic wonder. Schopenhauer and Cioran can be APPLIED to "mental health QUANDARIES."

105
We experience quandaries, not disease or sin. Our intellect is the Will to Live's "governor"-like component that is CHECKING ~~it~~ the decisions of the "system". The intellect is part of the very system it inspects; hence the danger of self-deception, erroneous perception, delusion, ERROR.

I would like to make clear that Trumpsey's "Addictive Voice" [i.e., the Beast] as well as the "disease" - "mental illness" of addiction - is none other than THE-WILL TO-LIVE run amok, entangled and ensnared in its own rat's nest of endless cycles of trying to satisfy insatiable cravings for security (serenity - the very thing peddled by the freedom peddling mental health industry).

I am not coming up with any solutions but simply articulating the connections I am making, where new science uses new terminology to grapple with ancient and primordial quandaries! The same old riddles

203
I am aware that I am running out of pages
to fill in this notebook, but I am making
some breakthroughs as far as inner transformations
go. When I refer to myself or someone
else as a "savage," I mean to
say "I am following the commands of my
passions, my heart, my will - I to
satisfy its desires."

The savage (the beast) lives eternally
from hand to mouth. This is actually
our natural state. All feelings of
security are hallucinations supported
by ideology. In reality, there is
no evidence that a sober
individual "working on issues in therapy"
has any better contact with true
reality than one ~~as~~ inebriated enough
to be limited to experiencing
reality as a plant. [drunk].

Intoxication may release pent up passions and
frustrations. This is less pathological
than "symptom management" [repression].
A cigarette is more helpful than the hospital.
and, often, the "alcoholic" needs a drink more than AA bible.

X

I dare say, not even Schopenhauer's books
are ~~any~~ able to arm oneself against
the inevitable tribulations of being.

TRIBULATIONS OF BEING.

There is no cure or solution. One must
endure. There is no choice but to endure
one's life experience.

~~The~~ The revolutionary quality of my stance
is that I point out how the
creation of lack (insecurity) is
produced in order to sell
potential-security, artificial security,
hallucinations, delusions, distractions
as a cure.

The truth is that there is no cure,
and that the way of life of "people"
in recovery is most often empty,
unfulfilling, and haunted with angst
and the betrayal of one's ~~true~~
strongest impulses for autonomy. I'm not
looking to overthrow the pharmaceutical
police state, but I am in its net and am
determined to apply my WILL & INTELLIGENCE.

my interaction with social apparatus & control.

I want to be so cynical that I can not be deceived, not even by inner voices posing as "me." What do I really desire? Why submit to authority? I do not respect, trust, ~~are~~ ^{not} have any confidence in? That path leads to depression and a broken spirit.

~~Very~~ In the case of behavior modification, failure is most likely success. Is it not best for the tree to have a knot in it which prevents it being turned into lumber? Likewise, it is best for the creature if it is unable to be put to use by the social apparatus of control.

The Savage Beast Aspect of the Will to Live is raw reality; whereas social codes are lies promoted to curb the FLOW OF DESIRES RUN AMOCK. Everywhere misery throngs.

My records are my confessions, mistakes, errors, shocks, set-backs — a recording of my "growth" and "disintegration." Just as the creator of the universe is a blind insatiable demon, the creature is a desperate quarry in consequence of the creation.

There is no escape from inner ape.
You can't hide from the ravaging of your spirit.

The reason I write so much is because
I value my stake on things over the distractions
of ~~therapeutic~~ working on oneself.

Why have I been ostracized, slandered, and
conspired against by the local street folk
of downtown Freehold Borough?

Is there a plot hatching?

The people are aware of a certain manner
of living that I express in my Presence.

Several hate me for my
authenticity, boldness, character,
integrity, intelligence, easiness on the
eyes to behold, and sense of
humor.

Imagine if they knew of the delight, I
experience in my imagination.

The recent electrifying fantasies if I were brain-
shattering. What am I to do but surrender to id?

COMING AROUND FULL CIRCLE, STRONGER

24 April 2011 Easter Sunday

I awaken this morning with a protagonist in my head narrating an "existential imagining," a sort of film/novel taking place in my head at all times. The universal drama is takes place within the self-consciousness of the individual creature. The individual identity is a STORY, a myth which explains reality.

The Will-to-Live (life-being in itself) is not pleasant for the bundle of nerves which finds itself individuated. Simply attempting to verbally wrap one's mind around our universal predicament could turn out to be humorous, comical, i.e. satirical.

Take the petty issue of me "cutting through the Gibbys yard." Big fucking issue - petty fucking Richard. Rather than just apologizing, I'll just avoid the Gibbys in general. Revise my memories. See what really IS.

{ 11 }

COMING AROUND FULL CIRCLE, STRONGER

I understand that I don't have to like those who I thought I once liked. It is not a "problem" but simply is what it is. And when I reflect even momentarily about the generally wretched state of being alive (hungry, agitated, frustrated, disappointed, cruel), I keep my distance from my "fellow man".

There really is no sense even attempting to "belong" to any pack or motley crew. I have achieved ~~mental~~ a degree of mental independence which liberates me from the tyranny of public opinion.

I have pointed out that the entire phenomenon known as addiction or substance abuse brings us ~~us~~ directly to the issues presented by Arthur Schopenhauer in The World as Will & Representation. Clearly it is this WILL-BODY-THING which demands satisfaction. It is the same blind demon which created the entire universe. Its appetite is insatiable.

The existence of an immaterial mind or soul is a problem because the concept of free will is based on such an entity. And yet, we are 100% animal. The mind or the soul is the BRAIN. So, on Easter Sunday, 2011, while much of the population goes through with following tradition (family, Church, etc), I am walking outdoors supplementing Schopenhauer's (1818) work with Flanagan's (2002) work. Has neuroscience finally caught up with Schopenhauer? It is, BRAIN PHILOSOPHY through and through, this cognitive science.

While I would prefer to walk to a bench and read outdoors in the sunshine, I feel more comfortable hidden away in the cool shade of my domicile. The more I study Schopenhauer's philosophy, Merleau-Ponty's phenomenology, and the latest research done in cognitive science, the less compelled I am to argue with others about WORLDVIEWS.

Coming around full circle, my confidence grows stronger. I do not need to convince anyone. After all, I am trying to understand reality, not so much explain it or my ideology or cosmology. In the battle for minds, I want to win my own.



221



27 April 2011 Wednesday

Yesterday, by 5PM JS was ready for a 6-pack of Budweiser - very ready, very thirsty, so I was able to drink a 40 of 211. After drinking the brewskie, I wandered into town and heard loud music. It was not coming from a car, but was loud live kids (17-22) playing rock - hard rock - in the "European Bakery" on the corner of Main & South. It was a "miracle on Main Street."

I could not resist. My blood took me across the street and into the place through the side door. Before entering, I stomped on the metal entrance underground to the beat of the drum. Classic Moment! Upon entering, beholding all the teenagers, I was in my glory. These teenagers were cool as Hell. I was screaming, "It smells like teen spirit!"

I couldn't keep myself seated as I kept dancing, clapping, and jumping up and down. It was so cool. I think I had to be the only "adult" (over 21) in that place. HOO-HA! Now, more than ever, I do not want to abstain from alcohol or other illicit drugs. Maybe I can mention my ambivalence at PP.